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THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 26, 1912.

War Among the Victors

Great victories do not always bring about a state of calm and tranquility among the victors. It is true that immediately after the battle it generally appears as if there were only roses in the pathway of those who had won. But victories have their drawbacks, and it frequently happens that the joys of the hour of triumph are swiftly turned to the bitterness of wormwood and gall.

Only a few short weeks ago and the democrats of Maricopa county were intoxicated with joy over the overwhelming success of their party in the nation. Their paeans of joy had no discordant notes. They perceived that the country was theirs, and, peering into the realm of political perquisites, they beheld material advantages which made their hearts glad. The faithful at last were coming into their own. What could be more thrilling, more deeply satisfactory to the imagination and the yearning of those who had been out in the cold so long?

It would be beautiful if history could go on recording a continuance of this spirit of harmony and sweet concord, but history, if it has any semblance of authority, must be accurate, and truth compels the faithful chronicler to record that after a period of a few days' duration the Maricopa county democratic paeans of joy have turned into expressions of anger, hatred and contempt. Two headquarters have been established by the intrepid factions, and great animosity has been aroused over the distribution of the political plums. Peace, tranquility, calmness of deportment, have departed from the ranks of these political warriors.

One faction holds the other as an uncertain and faithless lot, filled with vain-glorious and highbrow ideas, better fitted for reform leagues and ethical societies than sound Jeffersonian disciples who have stood the brunt of battle and need the offices. The other faction resents these insinuations with scorn and indignation. It insists that it alone is regular, and that its opponents have made insolent and mutinous requests, created dissension among the faithful, provoked a spirit of animosity, and indulged in pestilent activities which threaten to destroy the local democratic organization and render it powerless to fulfill its mission to the great body of true and patriotic members of the party.

Thus has the dove of peace departed from the camp of the local democracy. We fear it was a feeble bird, anyway. For many years it has had difficulty in finding a roosting place in the zone of Maricopa county. And it seem to find even a less hospitable reception in times of victory than in the days when national defeat gave some semblance of unity to the fellowship of a common woe.

The Story of Tucson

The Arizona Star has issued a Christmas edition of twenty-eight pages including an illuminated cover. It is filled with excellent descriptive matter relating to Tucson, and there is much to describe there now since the entrance of the El Paso and Southwestern has given a new impetus to business and real estate movements. For that matter, Tucson has always been more of a town than it was generally believed to be. Its newspapers, though most excellent ones, have erred on the side of too great conservatism.

Special editions now and then have described things as they were but being special editions outsiders were apt to confound them with boom editions which generally describe things not as they are but as they ought to be.

The tale of Tucson is told in a matter of fact way and well told. Even if the Star had said nothing especially about Tucson, the excellent news matter and general arrangement would have given the stranger a favorable impression of Tucson. It takes a good town to get out such a paper as the one we have been talking about.

A Distributed Christmas

There was never such a general Christmas in Phoenix as that of yesterday. The churches and societies vied with each other in hunting out the needy and bringing to them Christmas cheer. The good the trained Salvation Army did is incalculable. It is said that the Elks looked after 500 people including children. We did not know that there were so many in Phoenix who would have been deprived of the joys of Christmas but for the help of the charitable. Many warm hearted men and women themselves sought out individual cases of destitution and relieved them, thus enjoying a greater satisfaction than they could have derived from an investment of their money in an organized charitable movement. The advantage of organization in charity work is this: the relief is the more likely to be given where it is actually needed. Charity is less likely to be imposed upon.

But against this precaution we have the fact that many of the deserving poor especially conceal their needs from the agents of organized charity. They are discovered only by those who hunt for them, who go below the surface. Organized charity has enough to do to take care of what it finds on the surface, so that many worthy persons receive no aid.

It is unlikely that the war department will be greatly alarmed by the suggestion of Miss Moissant, who is familiar with the operation of heavier-than-air flying machines, that it would be possible for an aviator to fly over the Panama canal zone and destroy the locks of the canal by dropping bombs from the sky. It is said that an Italian aviator has reached Colon with an aeroplane and will essay to fly from ocean to ocean, along the line of the canal; but he will drop no dummy bombs en route. It has been twice demonstrated in the war between the Balkan states and Turkey that with even ordinary weapons it is possible to put both an aeroplane and its pilot out of commission. With guns specially adapted to the defense of the canal zone from aerial enemies, it should be possible to wing the machine before it could approach within bomb-dropping range.

We notice a tendency on the part of our exchanges to push the editorial pages further and further towards the back of the paper. Some day, if the thing keeps on, the sporting department will occupy space once consecrated to "we point with pride" and "we view with alarm."

Mr. Morgan declares that he is often overruled by his partners. There is nothing surprising about that. Ever see a young infant boss his fond dad around?

It is safe to say that a man who can borrow a million dollars by telephone does not have to worry about the price of eggs.

The Metals In Bells

Bell making is one of the few arts which has been in practice from the earliest times, but even to this day it has never reached a state of perfection. Very skilled workmen are needed to construct bells so that they shall be melodious, artistic and durable.

Taking Great Britain as an example, we find that its oldest industry is the art of bell making. In Whitechapel, London, a bell foundry had its beginning 350 years ago, and yet this is by no means the oldest, for we are told that some may be traced back four or five centuries.

The bell of today is usually composed of five parts of tin to sixteen parts of copper. It has been found by the large bell founders that to put too much tin in a bell often causes undesirable results, of which cracking is the most common. But the most satisfactory results have been obtained by using very old copper and procuring good tin, which comes from Australia.

In construction a large bell, the first step is to make the mold. This is really the most vital stage in the whole process, for the slightest error at this point would certainly lead to failure and the work would all have to be done over again.

After the bell is cast it is sent to the tuning shop, where metal is pared off from the inside according to need.

Before the tuning of bells had been studied as an art it was pointed out that a large bell was hardly ever in tune. A bell to be in proper tune must first be in tune with itself—that is to say, it should have at least five tones at correct intervals from one another in order to produce a perfect musical chord.

These harmonies are the hum note, fundamental and nominal, and also the third and fifth from the fundamental, or, in other words, the strike note. If we were to put the first three named in musical notation with a C bell we should get three Cs in octaves.

It was always found, very much to the surprise of the maker, that smaller bells were in worse tune than the larger ones; but after the mastery of the harmonics it was found that practically all these difficulties disappeared, enabling more perfect bells to be produced.—Raja Yoga Messenger.

Iron and Gold By the Ton

The total production of all metals in the United Statees in 1911 was 27,878,282,094 tons, valued at $788,925,046. In the volume of "Mineral Resources," published by the United States geological survey, is a short chapter by H. D. McCaskey that contains a unique table, in which fo rthe sake of comparison, the production of all metals is reduced to short tons. Thus pig iron, with a production from both domestic and imported ores of 26,048,162 short tons, valued at $327,334,624, is contrasted with platinum, the production of which was less than a ton (.999 ton), valued at $1,308,480, and gold, with a production of 190,704 tons, valued at $114,981,080. In the several mining industries various units are commonly employed which do not admit of convenient comparison. For instance, the production of anthracite coal is always stated by the producers in long tons, but that of bituminous is given in short tons. Again the "flask" (seventy-five pounds) is the customary unit for the measurement of quick-silver, except where the metric ton is used. The troy ounce is used for measuring the precious metals. As shown by the tables in this report, the value of the total production for 1911 was $86,732,580 less than that for 1910. Another table gives the production of domestic crude metallic ores, and this together with imports of foreign supplies treated in domestic plants, compared with the figures of domestic metal productions, shows the sources from which these metals are derived. The total production of all ores in 1911 was 105,258, 492 short tons.

MIGHT BE WORSE
(Lippincott's Magazine)

"Say, old man," remarked Cobwigger, meeting Henpeck on the street, "I have bad news for you. It's pretty tough to spoil a fellow's Christmas, but I feel I should tell you."

"Out with it," replied Henpeck. "I'm so used to getting the worst of it, that perhaps this isn't as bad as you think it is."

"Now, don't pluck up hope," went on Cobwigger. "I'm breaking this to you as gently as I can, for it's the worst that could happen to a man. Your wife met mine this afternoon, and I heard her say that she was going to do her Christmas shopping tomorrow, and—now, brace up, old man—she added that she intenden taking you along with her."

"Is that all?" asked Henpeck, with a sigh of relief. "I was afraid all along she was going to drag me before the church society, put a wig and whiskers on me, and make me impersonate Santa Claus at the kids' Christmas entertainment."

The country is calling for help; but it is of the hard-handed, broad-shouldered kind.—Wall Street Journal.

India and the Gold Standard

The London Statist notes that "Lord Crewe recently told the House of Lords that there are signs that the Indian people are at last beginning to recognize that in hoarding the precious metals they are depriving themselves of a very valuable addition to their incomes, and are putting it out of their power to construct many of those great public works which are so urgently needed in our great dependency. If that be true—and we are only too glad to believe that it is true—then it follows unquestionably that the demand for gold will increase. If Indians, instead of hoarding, as in the past, employ any considerable proportion of their savings for investment, they will add immensely to the productive power of the country and therefore, to its trade. In that case they will not only need more gold, but also they will grow ambitious to be on a footing of equality in regard to their currency with the greatest nations of the world. Moreover, it is never to be lost sight of that once China settles down she will nee da great currency system. Apparently she is not advanced enough yet to endow herself with a gold currency. If she is wise she will begin, at all event, with a silver currency. And if she does it is quite possible, now that the habit of hoarding is weakening and the habit of investing is awaking, that India may be able to sell a large proportion, of her silver hoards to China. In that event she will be able to provide herself with the gold she may desire without trenching meuh upon her current savings."

THE NEW ARRIVAL

There came to port last Sunday night
The queerest little craft,
Without an inch of rigging on;
I looked and looked—and laughed!
It seemed so curious that she
Should cross the Unknown water,
And moor herself within my room—
My daughter! O, my daughter!

Yet by these presents witness all
She's welcome fifty times,
And comes consigned in hope and love—
And common-meter rhymes.
She has no manifest but this;
No flag floats o'er this water;
She's too new for the British Lloyds—
My daughter! O, my daughter!

Ring out wild bells, and tame ones, too;
Ring out the lover's moon.
Ring in the little worsted socks,
Ring in the bib and spoon.
Ring out the muse, ring in the nurse,
Ring in the milk and water,
Away with paper, pen and ink;
My daughter! O, my daughter!

—George W. Cable

Collars
By HOWARD L. RANN

A collar is the top story of a shirt, and can be removed without dislocating anything but the Adam's apple. They are not worn for pleasure, but in order to conceal the obtrusive mole and other debris. Some men never wear collars at all except to hide the footprints of the safety razor or touch somebody for two bits. The heathen children of other lands do not have to bother with the collar in any form. The South Sea Islander, for instance, never has to tackle a three-inch collar with his mouth twisted over back of his left ear, and then crawl under the iron bed with a box of safety matches, in search of a bone collar button. The unlettered Hottentot can go around all day in the burning rays of the sun without harboring the fear that his collar will give way at the knees and faint inward on both sides. The Hottentot is a happy person, free from clothes and carking care, and yet we are spending large sums annually in the attempt to introduce him to the wing collar and the treacherous suspender button. Nearly all men keep their collars in an ornamental box, which is pawed over several times a week in an effort to locate the 1913 models. Just as soon as a man discovers a collar which can be worn without starting an incipient riot among the office force, he will find that some eager menial in the steam laundry has stepped upon it with a hot iron and rendered it unfit for the company of decent people. He then puts on a design four years old and covers it up with a jersey sweater. Collars are a great drawback to husky-voiced songsters who use a full outfit of throat muscles in their work and clutch convulsively at the neck-band just prior to vaulting at high G. They also get in tthe way of people who eat on the dead run, causing them to be removed before each meal and draped tastefully over a rocking chair.

Ingratitude
By WALT MASON

All numbed is my reason, and frigid my feet! I'm tired of this season of good things to eat! I'm weary of turkey, I've soured upon goose, my insides are jerky, my wishbone is loose. I've gorged upon pudding until I would die; I'm dodging, eluding all manner of pie. Although I'm a dandy at punishing grub, I'm tired of the candy that comes by the tub; the oysters, the dressing, the ice cream and cake, all, all are distressing, and give me an ache. Rich grub sends a shiver through surfeited men; I'm longing for liver and onions again. My system is achin', and won't be denied for fried eggs and bacon and spuds on the side. 'Twould make my soul chirrup to fill up once more on buckwheat and sirup and sauerkraut galore, but that would be treason, of style an abuse; at this bughouse season it's turkey and goose. It's turkey that's roasted, and goose that is baked, and things that are toasted, and things that are faked; it's oysters and gravy and stuffing and jam, and spaghetti wavy, with which we must cram. My nerves all a-quiver, I sit in my den, and long for plain liver and onions again!

SMALL BOY AND THE BLACKSMITH
(London Standard)

Stories of children are generally amusing. Here is one of a small boy's first visit to a blacksmith's. "Mamma," he said, "I saw a man making a horse." "You must be mistaken, surely." "No, I'm not, mamma. He had nearly finished when I came away. He was just nailing on the feet."

All things worth while come to those who wait on themselves.—Chicago Daily News.

"The Night Before Christmas"

(Joseph Jackson in World's Work)

Although he lived to be 83 years old, and although he contributed several volumes to his country's literature, Dr. Clement C. Moore, apart from such celebrity as his "Visit from St. Nicholas" brought him, made a very small impress upon his time.

Doctor Moore had three children, Charity E., born in September, 1816; Clement, born in January, 1821, and Emily, born in April, 1822. The little poem, which he wrote for his children and entitled "A Visit from St. Nicholas," was penned in the Christmas season of the year 1822, according to Doctor Moore's own account, which has been verified by other circumstances.

That the poem obtained so much fame and was taken into the hearts of young and old everywhere is directly due to an accidental occurrence. Among Doctor Moore's friends was the family of the Rev. Dr. David Butler, who in 1822 was rector of St. Paul's church in Troy, N. Y. It appears that the eldest daughter of Doctor Butler, while visiting the Moores, heard the poem, and like everyone else, was immediately charmed.

She asked permission to copy it in her album, which request, naturally, was granted. It was her intention to read it to the children at the rectory. The verses were copied from her album and found their way into the columns of the Troy Sentinel in its issue of December 23, 1823, and, next to Doctor Moore for its authorship, this unknown benefactor deserves our gratitude for giving circulation to a poem that has been making childhood happier for eighty years.

The editor of the Troy Sentinel gave the little waif a position on the third page, and introduced it to the world with as fine and sympathetic a commendation as even its author could have wished. He wrote:

"We do not know to whom we are indebted for the following description of that unwearied patron of children—that homely, but delightful personification of parental kindness—Santa Claus, his costume and his equipage, as he goes about visiting the firesides of this happy land, laden with Christmas bounties; but from whosoever it may have come, we give thanks for it. There is, to our apprehension, a spirit of cordial goodness in it, a playfulness as of fancy, and a benevolent alacrity to enter into the feelings and promote the simple pleasures of children, which are altogether charming.

"We hope our little patrons, both lads and lassies, will accept as proof of our unfeigned good will toward them—as a token of our warmest wish that they may have many a merry Christmas; that they may long retain their beautiful relish for these unbought, homebred joys, which derive their flavor from filial piety and fraternal love, and which they may be assured are the least alloyed that time can furnish them; and that they may never part with that simplicity of character, which is their own fairest ornament, and for the sake of which they have been pronounced, by authority which none can gainsay, the types of such as shall inherit the kingdom of heaven."

It has been asserted in print, time and again, that "A Visit from St. Nicholas" was quickly added to the selections in the school readers, but an examination of a large number of the readers printed between the year of the poem's first appearance and 1850 failed to reveal one in which the verses had been copied. The number of newspapers which copied the poem may not now be counted, but it is probable that they were not so numerous as had been believed, for the more the subject is studied the more it becomes apparent that the wide fame of the poem is the product of the last fifty years.

In the early part of the last century it was customary for the carriers of the newspapers to have printed for their use each Yuletide what was called an address. Usually this was in verse, and very often the men who carried the newspapers to the subscribers willingly paid some young versifier to write something for it.

Horace Greeley made his journalistic hit by preparing an address for newspaper carriers. In 1830, the carriers of the Troy Sentinel used Doctor Moore's poem on their address, which was a broadside, and, as in this instance they did not have to reward the poet (for he was unknown to them) they employed Myron King, a wood engraver of Troy, to make the now historic picture of St. Nicholas and his "eight tiny reindeer." This address was distributed at Christmas, and, no doubt, brought liberal gratuities to the carriers.

When Griswold issued his work on the poets of America, in 1849, he included among several by Doctor Moore, "A Visit from St. Nicholas." These were reprinted from the volume of poems published by Doctor Moore in 1844, where for the first time he acknowledged the little classic as his own. The poem was again reprinted in the Cyclopedia of American Literature, by the Duyckincks in 1855, and in 1862 it was issued again as a separate publication in New York, with illustrations by F. O. C. Darley. From that time it may be said to have permanently entered into its great popularity, for subsequently it made its appearance in the school readers and now is almost an annual visitor in thousands of newspapers throughout the country.

The New College Grind

(Springfield Republican)

More than one graduate accustomed to return and cheer the brilliant plays of each year's championship contest—provided his team gained—has lately been astonished at the attitude of the players themselves toward the sport. If the critics were members of that unsung band of heroes, the "second eleven," who get the knocks in daily practice but none of the glory, the criticism would be less surprising. But the fact is that college players whose prowess has made them nationally famous in the last few years, who have tasted all the sweets of celebrity, have agreed in privately admitting that the practice through which they were driven by the coaches became a hateful routine of daily punishment like that of a chaingang, and that they welcomed the season's end. This is the discipline of repugnant toil, not of sport. It may be that such discipline is a good thing, but if so let it be defended for what it is.

Foreign Potatoes

(Springfield Republican)

There is no protective tariff so efficacious as quarantine, and while it is only coincidence that a big home crop of potatoes follows close upon the embargo which congress laid upon potatoes from most foreign countries, the ample home supply will be a great relief to the consumer, provided part of the crop is not thrown away to keep up prices, as Chicago newspapers say has been done near that city. Germany is among the countries that suffer from the quarantine against the potato wart disease, and William Orton, of the agricultural department, who went there six months ago to study the small salad potato, which is a German specialty, finds that German exporters have been sending to the United States, not this esteemed small variety, but undersized culls of ordinary potatoes which were worth little at home. Of these he found 6000 bushels held up at New York because of the quarantine. The agricultural department intends to urge farmers to grow the small potato for domestic consumption, and we may have some of the real thing to export to Germany if the potato wart disease continues there.

MRS. BURNETT'S NEW NOVEL

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's new novel, which will begin serially in the January Century, is entitled "T. Tembarom" (with the accent on the middle syllable). One of the general outlines of the story—a boy brought up in America who succeeds to an English title—will suggest Mrs. Burnett's earlier success, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," but the similarity ends with that one suggestion. "T. Tembarom" is in no way related to "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Mrs. Burnett says that the idea of the new story was suggested by the character of G. Shelden in "The Shuttle."

DIAMOND CHAT

"That young man remained rather late last night," remarked father.

"It was about 11:55 when he left," admitted fond mamma.

"The love game is beginning to go extra innings."

AWAYS WORK

There is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will.
—James Russell Lowell.

A great suffragette march from London to Edinburgh is enthusiastically indorsed—by London.—Philadelphia North American.